Ro. Farewell.
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Ro. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iu. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo doe you:
Dry ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowm'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that cals? it is my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hether?
La. Why, how now *Iuliet.*
Iu. Madam, I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe,
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughtered him.

Iu.

Iu. What Villaine Mada
La. That ſame Villaine
Iu. Villaine, and he be
God pardon him, I doe wit
And yet no man like he, doth
La. That is becauſe the
Iu. I Madam, from the re
Would none but I might ven
La. We will haue vengea
Then weepe no more, Ile ſe
Where that ſame baniſht R
Shall giue him ſuch an accuſ
That he ſhall ſoone keepe
And then I hope thou wilt b
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall b
With *Romeo*, till I behold h
Is my poore heart, ſo for a K
Madam, if you could find o
To beare a poyſon, I would
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon rec
Soone ſleepe in quier. O hov
To heare him nam'd and can
To wreake the loue I bore m
Vpon his body that hath ſla
Mo. Find thou the meane
But now ile tell thee ioyfull
Iu. And ioy comes well
What are they, I beſeech you
Mo. Well, well, thou haſt
One who to put thee from th
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day
That thou expects not, nor I
Iu. Madam in happie time
Mo. Marrie my childe, ea
The gallant, yong, and Noble
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *P*
Shall happly make thee there

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34